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THE HERO SERIES

THREE HEROES

BY

FRANK L. VOSPER

Author of "REAL LIFE SKETCHES."



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A Hero of Plymouth Sound.

PLYMOUTH SOUND! What memories—legendary, historical, and personal—would cluster around me and crowd into my mind if I were now rounding Ramehead and entering its waters! Among the former is the story told by Geoffrey of Monmouth, who flourished in the reign of Henry II, that it was from the Hoe, at Plymouth, that Gogmagog, the last of a race of giants who inhabited Britain, was hurled into the sea by Corinæus, the Trojan. It was to commemorate this circumstance that previous to the building of the citadel, in 1671, an immense figure representing the giant was kept cut in the turf on the spot where that structure now stands.

Thomas Carlyle, in his "Heroes and Hero Worship," expresses his belief that all those wild legends had some foundation; in fact, that some person really lived at one time whose actions have been distorted

and amplified by successive narrators until his real personality has been lost under the mass of tradition that has gathered about him. In the Athenæum at Plymouth are the skulls and other relics of a race of men who lived there in prehistoric times, and whose bones have been found in the limestone caves in the neighborhood.

Those do not represent men of gigantic stature, but rather a race more nearly resembling in this respect the Japanese or the Scivashes of British Columbia. At the same time it is possible that tribes, families, and individuals varying greatly in stature may have existed side by side in those early days as well as now.

Plymouth, which under the name of "Luttone" formerly belonged to the abbot and monks of Plympton, had a market as early as 1285, but was not incorporated as a borough until 1439. In the sixty-four years from 1338 to 1402 it was sacked by the French no less than five times; namely, 1338, 1350, 1377, 1400, and 1402. On the last occasion it was the Bretons who were the aggressors and who are said to have burned four hundred houses. These last have left their mark in the town, a part of which, lying east of Sutton Harbor, being still known as

"Breton Side." It was during one of these incursions that the village of West Stonehouse, which formerly stood somewhere between Kingsand and Maker, was wiped out of existence and has never been rebuilt. The township of East Stonehouse, however, lying between the boroughs of Plymouth and Devonport, is quite an important place. It was on Plymouth Hoe, near by where his bronze statue now stands, looking seaward, that Sir Francis Drake was playing bowls on the evening of July 19, 1588, when, to quote the words of Macaulay:

"There came a gallant merchant ship Full sail to Plymouth Bay,"

announcing that the Spanish Armada was on its way up channel.

"Forthwith a guard at every gun was placed along the wall, The beacons blazed upon the roof of Edgcumbe's lofty hall. Many a light fishing bark put out to pry along the coast, And with loose rein and bloody spur rode inland many a post.

Night sank upon the dusky beach and on the purple sea; Such night in England ne'er had been, nor e'er again shall be."

"Edgcumbe's lofty hall" had then been built about thirty-five years, and it is said that when the Duke of Medina Sidonia, who commanded the Spanish Armada, visited England with his royal master, Philip II, in 1554, he, in company with the Admiral of France and Flanders, was entertained by Sir Piers Edgeumbe, and, while admiring the beauties of the good knight's domain, made the pious resolve to seize it at the first opportunity, and that on the accession of Queen Elizabeth King Philip promised the duke that Mount Edgeumbe should be his when England was conquered. Had some one been thoughtful enough on his leaving Spain to present him with a cookery book published some centuries later he would have found in the directions "How to cook a hare" this significant passage: "First catch your hare." Medina Sidonia never caught his hare; instead of that he caught a tartar.

It was from Plymouth Sound that Drake and Hawkins sailed on their last voyage to the Spanish main, in 1595.

Volumes might be filled with accounts of the stirring scenes which have been witnessed on these waters; I must, however, content myself with one or two.

The Breakwater, built early in the nineteenth century, is an artificial island one mile in length and constructed of enormous blocks of stone, held together

with iron clamps and cement. Entering Plymouth Sound from the west, and sailing through Cawsand Bay, the heights around you bristling with cannon planted at every conceivable angle; passing close under the guns of Picklecoombe fort, admiring as you pass the tree-clad cliffs of Mount Edgcumbe, you meet an unexpected obstacle.

Drake's Island, covered with fortifications, occupies a position nearly in the center of the space between the Breakwater and Mill Bay. Between the island and Mount Edgeumbe is a ridge of rocks visible at low water. This is known as "The Bridge," and no war vessel, nor any merchant ship above a certain tonnage is allowed to go over it at any time of the tide, the rule being to sail or steam around by the eastern end of Drake's Island.

It was in the early days of the nineteenth century that the brig Speedy was lying in Barn Pool just inside the bridge. The Speedy was a war vessel of about one hundred tons burden, armed with twelve fourteen-pounders, and manned, or, rather, crowded with eighty men. She was commanded by Captain Cochrane, afterward Lord Dundonald, grandfather of the Lord Dundonald who served under Buller during the campaign in Natal and the relief of Lady-

England was then at war with France and Spain, and by some means or other Captain Cochrane got word that a rich Spanish merchant ship was in the channel on her way home from South America, with an immense amount of gold on board. Cochrane at once hoisted sail, and, to the astonishment and horror of the onlookers, was seen flying over "the bridge" before a brisk northerly breeze, totally disregarding the signals that were being made to return and be tried by court-martial for breaking the admiralty regulations. A few days later Cochrane sailed back into the sound with the great Spanish ship in tow, and two golden candlesticks, each six feet long, and which were designed for some Spanish cathedral, mounted on the mastheads of the Speedy.

Many a terrible shipwreck has been witnessed on these waters, both before and since the building of the Breakwater. One especially was that of an East Indiaman, crowded with passengers, most of whom were soldiers and their wives, on their way to India. She went ashore under the Hoe and lay broadside to on the rocks, at the mercy of the waves. Her crew and passengers were rescued from death by the courage and skill of Captain Pellew, after-

ward Lord Exmouth, who was on his way to St. Andrew's Church, in company with Dr. Hawker, when he heard of the occurrence. Captain Pellew arrived on the spot just in time to effect the rescue before the ship went to pieces. In this connection I may mention that Captain Pellew's old ship, the Arethusa, a name familiar and endeared to every British sailor, was afloat in Devonport Harbor when I left England, and I hope, later on, to devote a few pages to her and a few of her contemporaries who were in existence during my lifetime.

There is another circumstance connected with Plymouth Sound, which I must insert here. I have not met with any mention of it in history, but it was a tradition of "no mean order" among old Plymouthians when I was a boy. It is this:

During one of our wars with France in the eighteenth century a French squadron was reported in the channel, heading toward Plymouth. The town was in a terrible state of alarm. There were few ships in port, and the troops had been removed, so that the place was practically defenseless, a fact of which the French admiral was probably well aware. Crowds of people were in the streets, eagerly and anxiously discussing the situation and trying to devise means of defense, when a brilliant idea occurred to a native genius. As well as I remember it was a lady. The fashion at that time was for ladies of every grade in the social scale to wear scarlet cloaks. It was a warm evening about the middle of August, 17—, when word was brought into Plymouth of the near approach of the enemy.

The fields around Plymouth were full of shocks of corn; and in cupboards and wardrobes in Plymouth were thousands of red cloaks. There was much bustle in the town that night, and travelers carrying mysterious-looking bundles were hurrying off east and west. When day dawned the cornfields around Plymouth presented a singular appearance. From Staddon Heights on the east, Stoke Damerel on the north, to Rame and Maker on the west, the shocks of corn were attired in scarlet; and when the Frenchmen on the seas turned their glasses toward the shore they saw the same dreaded color standing in serried ranks above the town which their fathers had met at Blenheim, at Ramilies, at Fontenoy, and Malaplaquet. They decided to defer their visit for some more suitable occasion.

The special act of heroism which I wish to relate was performed on the night of October 13, 1877.

I well remember that night. It was Sunday. had been conducting the services at Trematon. It was a bright, clear, windy afternoon, the wind blowing fresh from south-southwest. When I left Trematon, about 8.30 P. M., the wind had increased to a gale, and when I reached home about eleven o'clock it was blowing a hurricane. During my walk of about seven and a half miles I noticed a peculiar, close, warm feeling in the air, which made walking in an overcoat very difficult. My walk, with the previous exertions of the day, had fatigued me to such an extent that I had no sooner lain down than I was sound asleep. Next morning a remarkable sight presented itself. Gigantic oaks were lying in all directions. A row of tall elm-trees on the opposite side of the river were lying where they had stood the evening previous, and on all sides were marks of devastation and ruin.

The shores of Plymouth Sound were strewn with wrecks. Several vessels went ashore in Jenny-cliff Bay and under Mount Batten. I saw a schooner lying on the rocks at Tinside, just east of where the promenade pier now stands. Her jib-boom was over the roadway, and I passed under it. Even up Cattewater limestone barges and other smaller craft

either sunk at their moorings or went ashore around Turnchapel and Oreston. But the most melancholy sight of all was two immense chain-cables lying across the breakwater. In the evening a large three-masted bark named the R. H. Jones had entered the sound and dropped anchor outside the breakwater. When the gale increased in violence the captain would no doubt have weighed anchor and sought shelter inside; but the wind blowing right in toward the land made this impossible, as before he could have gained sufficient sea-room to wear, he would in all probability have gone on the mew-stone or on the rocks under Bovisand. As it was he trusted his two anchors to hold him against the gale, but was cruelly deceived.

When the storm was at its height the anchors dragged. Then a tremendous sea struck the ship, lifting her right on the breakwater; then another sea struck her and carried her clean over, and she sunk in deep water inside. Her Majesty's ship *Turquoise* was lying at anchor just off Drake's Island. The moon had now risen, and those on board the war vessel observed a quantity of wreckage drifting shoreward. Even inside the breakwater the sea was running mountains-high, to use a common expression,

when away to windward there sounded a cry for help. Among those on the deck of the *Turquoise* was Quartermaster Barnes, who is described as a Christian man and a member of the Wesleyan Methodist Church. Mr. Barnes heard the cry for help, and determined, if possible, to effect a rescue. Again came the piteous cry, this time coming nearer, but still some distance off on the starboard bow.

There was no time to be lost; unless he could intercept the man, in a few minutes he would pass under the ship's stern and be dashed among the wreckage now rapidly accumulating in Jennycliff Bay. His first act was to fasten on his life-belt. Then he had a life-line attached to his waist. Descending from the starboard gangway, he plunged into the water. It was a task fraught with considerable danger and requiring tremendous muscular power to swim, fully clothed, across a heavily running sea, where ships, spars, and rigging were being borne in tangled masses toward the shore. It was an anxious time for those on the Turquoise, as they just saw from time to time the head of the brave quartermaster appearing on the crest of a wave, and again and again disappearing. Then the man whom he had set out to rescue was seen drifting toward him

at an obtuse angle. Then there went up a cheer from the warship as Mr. Barnes caught his man and shouted to his comrades to haul him in. Then the line alternately tightened and slackened as slowly the men, still holding on to a piece of wreckage, were hauled across and through the waves. cheer as the rescued and rescuer were assisted up the side of the rolling and plunging ship and on to the deck. Then it was found that the man rescued was a German, the only survivor of the crew of the ill-fated R. H. Jones. I need not go into particulars of how Mr. Barnes's heroic act was recognized by his comrades, the Royal Humane Society, or the members of King Street Chapel; but, as well as I remember, it did receive recognition on all sides, and I can only add that it was only one contribution to the long list of heroic deeds connected with Plymouth Sound.

One other remarkable incident connected with that memorable night remains to be mentioned. It was some time after midnight, in fact about one or two A. M., that the wind suddenly shifted from southwest to northwest, and, after blowing with tremendous violence for about half an hour, as suddenly died away. This sudden change of the wind

saved one ship in the English Channel in the following remarkable manner. I relate it as near as I can as it was told me in the course of a conversation I had with him some time afterward by the Rev. Mr. Kelly, rector of Salcombe, Devonshire. A large passenger steamer was that evening slowly forcing her way down channel in the teeth of the gale. When she was some miles southeast of Eddystone her machinery broke down, and she was some drifting helplessly on a lee shore.

When within a couple of miles of the Sturt Point the captain told the passengers and crew that unless the wind changed within a few minutes, nothing could save them from going ashore.

He had scarcely made this announcement, when the change I have mentioned took place and the ship was carried by the northwest gale far enough out to sea to be out of danger, and the next morning she put into Plymouth.

A Hero of H. M. S. "Magpie."

"Not once or twice in our rough island's story,
The path of duty was the way to glory."
—Tennyson.

I LITTLE thought one clear, bright, frosty January morning, in 1871, as I walked up and down the deck of the steamship Aerial, in company with my old friend and former schoolmate George Martin, that that was to be the last chat we should ever have together. I say "old friend," not in respect of our advanced age, as my friend was scarcely out of his teens, while I was still in mine; but I had always respected his cool, dignified manliness, which contrasted strongly with my somewhat impulsive temperament. He had always kept ahead of me in the day-school, and we had sat side by side in the class in the Sunday-school, which was taught by his father, Captain George Martin, of the sloop Secret.

As we steamed down the river under Saltash Bridge, and passed the old and new war vessels in the Hamoaze, we conversed on a variety of topics, among which our future prospects formed one. Hard work was before us both, and we knew it. His work on the sea was completed long before that year came to an end; mine continued another thirty years, spared to recount the cool recognizing and contempt of danger which characterized his life, and the heroic deed which brought that life to a close.

He had been appointed doctor's assistant, or sick bay steward on board Her Majesty's steamer Magpie, which was commissioned for the east coast of Africa, to be engaged in the suppression of the slave-trade. We landed at North Corner, and at the Dockyard gate we shook hands, and parted. A few weeks later he left England never to return.

Letters arrived from time to time, giving accounts of cruising up and down the Mozambique Channel, across the Indian Ocean, and along the coasts of Arabia and Beloochistan—letters full of interest to us, his old companions and schoolmates.

Then one day toward the end of the summer there came a letter from the captain of the *Magpie* announcing his death.

Before giving an account of the death of Mr. Martin it may be interesting to note a few particulars relating to the East African slave-trade.

The tide of public opinion may be said to have turned in favor of the suppression of the slave-trade and the total abolition of slavery when the members of the Society of Friends in America, led by John Woolman and Anthony Benezet, passed resolutions in favor of abolition, and backed those resolutions by liberating their own slaves; which action was supported by their brethren in England in 1754.

The matter was brought before the British Parliament early in 1788 by Clarkson and Wilberforce, names rendered famous by the noble stand they made in the cause of oppressed humanity. After exhausting inquiries which revealed unspeakable horrors in connection with the shipment of slaves from Africa to America, and in which it was shown that British ships alone carried forty-two thousand slaves annually, the first measure for the regulation of the traffic was passed in the British Parliament and received the royal assent on July 11, 1788.

About the same time the matter was brought before the French National Assembly by Petiou, Lafayette, Mirabeau, and others, whose names were

afterward made familiar to the world in connection with the French Revolution. A writer on this subject in the Encyclopædia Britannica makes this observation, that while the American and British agitators were influenced by the principles of Christianity, their co-workers in France were prompted by humanitarian motives and the principle of the equality of mankind.

Bonaparte on his return from Elbe, during the "hundred days" found time to bring the matter before the French Chamber. The British and American Governments, in 1814, inserted a clause in the treaty of Ghent dealing with the suppression of the traffic. A similar agreement was entered into between the British and Brazilian Governments in 1822.

During at least fifty years of the nineteenth century British cruisers were kept active on the west coast of Africa, and a considerable set-off to the horrible unhealthiness of that station was the prospect of prize-money by the capture of slave ships.

The emancipation of the slaves in the United States, and similar measures adopted by the South American Republics, together with the introduction of steam for the propelling of the ships employed in its suppression, has reduced the West African trade to very small proportions.

Meanwhile attention was drawn to the trade in human beings carried on along the East African Coast by the Arabs, who employed for the purpose light, swift-sailing craft, known as "dhows," vessels varying in size from fifty to one hundred and fifty tons' burden, and sometimes much larger, armed with old-fashioned swivel-guns and manned by a crew of the most desperate ruffians that could be found. Those vessels, being of light draught, could evade the British cruisers by running into creeks, and over shoals and sandbars, where they could not be followed except by boats, and sometimes the most desperate conflicts ensued before their capture was effected.

The principal slave market on that coast was Zanzibar, and it was only after considerable pressure had been brought to bear on the sultan by the British Government, represented by Sir Bartle Frere, that he consented to close it in 1874.

The then Sultan of Zanzibar, Seyid Burghash, has been described as a man of more than ordinary intelligence and of a mild, humane disposition; but while he had his own inclinations and the British

fleet on one side, he had the Arab chiefs and slave-traders on the other, and the closing of the Zanzibar slave market, while it materially checked did not suppress the East African trade, which found other outlets until the recent conquest of the Eastern Soudan by the British Egyptian troops, and the securing the control of the Nile Valley is tending in the direction of its utter extinction.

A characteristic story has been told of Seyid Burghash in connection with his visit to England a year or two after the closing of the Zanzibar slave market. The sultan was being shown through the National Art Gallery when he was observed closely examining the painting of the Good Samaritan. On being asked if he understood what it meant, he replied: "O yes, I see it plain enough. The man who fell among thieves is the poor African slave. The thieves are the Arab traders. The man who is assisting the unfortunate one is the British Government, while I am the ass that has to bear the burden."

Many thrilling stories used to appear in the papers at that time of the daring exploits of the British seamen employed in "cutting out" those dhows, one that I remember well being that of two blue-jackets belonging to a gunboat who had ob-

tained permission to take one of the ship's boats for a row along the coast one evening. Pulling gently along the densely wooded shore, they suddenly found themselves in a small creek where a dhow loaded with slaves was moored close to the shore. It was now nearly dark, and the two men decided at once to attempt to capture her. Armed only with their cutlasses, they ran their boat under her stern and sprang on deck. The Arabs were so taken by surprise at this sudden onslaught that without waiting to see how many of those terribie Britons had boarded them they fled below, and the hatches were promptly closed after them. The two sailors then cut her cable and put out to sea with their prize. It is needless to add that notwithstanding the intervention of a considerable amount of red tape, the men were well rewarded for their gallant exploit. It was on this work that Her Majesty's gunboat Magpie was employed in 1871. She was cruising off the southern coast of Arabia for the purpose of intercepting any dhows that might have evaded the blockading squadron on the African coast when a dhow was sighted, and a chase ensued. A long range gun was fired from time to time, as a hint to her to shorten sail; but the Arabs, following

their usual tactics when closely pursued, took advantage of a low sandy shore, where the water was too shallow for the gunboat to follow her, and ran their vessel ashore. They then got all their slaves, numbering about one hundred, on deck, struck off their irons and told them to run for their lives, as the white men would eat them if they caught them; but they, the Arabs, would protect them. Meanwhile boats were lowered from the war vessel, and the crews, armed with revolvers and cutlasses, were soon in pursuit. The Arabs made the most strenuous exertions to secure their slaves, but the poor creatures were stiff from long confinement in irons and weak from insufficient food, while the *Magpie* men were hot and eager for the chase.

The Negroes made slow progress, while well-aimed revolver shots put many of their captors out of business, and some obstinate cases who showed fight were dealt with at close quarters with the steel. It was not long before all the slaves were collected and marched down to the beach, where to their surprise and delight they received every kindness and attention. They were soon on board the *Magpie*, and a hearty meal and some decent clothing made them a happier looking crowd of human beings than

had fled from their friends at the instigation of their enemies.

Meanwhile on the beach another scene was being enacted. On quitting the dhow the Arabs had landed a poor slave boy, who being too ill to proceed with the others had been left to his fate. He was observed lying on the sand, and when the ship's doctor and his assistant, Mr. Martin, came to him he was found to be in a raging fever. Very tenderly he was lifted into the boat and taken on board the Magpie, where he was lodged in the sick bay. It now devolved on Mr. Martin to care for him, and with that cool disregard of his own safety or convenience that characterized him he set about his task. Day and night he nursed the little Negro boy with the same care and attention he would have bestowed on one of his own race, and in a few days he had the satisfaction of seeing his patient recovering. But alas! Those tropical fevers are infectious, and the young Negro was scarcely on his feet when his noble-hearted nurse was down with the same terrible fever. He rapidly sank, and a few days later the waters of the Persian Gulf closed over another of Britain's sons, who life had been sacrificed in the cause of humanity and in the discharge of duty.

A Hero of the Caradons.

THE Caradon Hills—I shall have occasion to mention them and some of their historical associations later on. Every Cornishman who reads this will recall to mind the bleak, barren aspect of those rounded hills running northeast and southwest from St. Ives to Altarnun, and if he hails from anywhere east of Liskeard will be familiar with the names of Pensilva, Tokenbury Corner, Minions, Caradontown, Rilla Mill and Marke Valley, Cheese Wing, and a score of other places, including the mines of North and South Caradon, "Phænix United," Wheal Vincent, and others.

Most of my readers are familiar with the story told by Thomas Carlyle, entitled "A Hero." It may interest them to know that "brave Will" was the late Mr. Peter Roberts, of Callington, and that for some years I had the honor of serving on the same "plan" with him and his two sons. His eldest son, Mr.

W. H. Roberts, who died in Plymouth a few years ago, for many years held the important position of Organizing Secretary of Young Men's Christian Associations in the west of England. His younger son, Mr. J. P. Roberts, was at the time I left England engaged in farming in the County of Surrey. One of the last farewell letters I received before I left England was from Mr. W. H. Roberts, and an old "plan" in my possession, dated February, March, April, 1873, shows the name of Mr. Roberts, Sr., as "No. 10." He has no appointments on this "plan," which I attribute to the fact of his suffering at the time from asthma and miner's consumption, from which terrible disease, which is generally brought on by exposure to damp and inhaling bad air and powder smoke, he died a few months after this "plan" was issued.

Mr. Roberts was a man of more than ordinary intelligence and preaching ability, and it could truly be said of him, as it was of Barnabas (Acts xi, 25): "He was a good man and full of the Holy Ghost and of faith." I distinctly remember his calm, earnest, thoughtful face as he used to stand in the pulpit of the old chapel at St. Dominic, and the quiet, earnest tone of his voice as he spoke in the "love-

feast" at Callington, where he was regarded with an affection which amounted almost to reverence. The man whom he rescued from death, the "Jack" of Carlyle's story, was Mr. Walter Verran. A near relative of his, Mr. William Verran, whose name appears on the "plan" above referred to, was a particular friend of mine, and many a long talk we have had together when on our way to and from our appointments. Mr. Verran was for some years engaged in mining in Newfoundland. He was always a welcome and most interesting speaker at missionary meetings, and used to speak of himself as a "returned missionary."

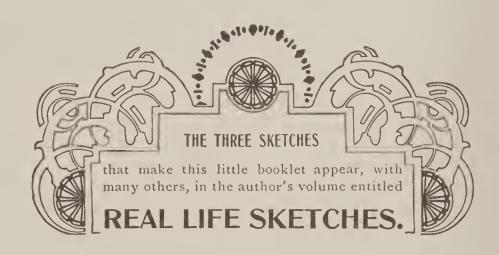
The story of the rescue as told me by the late Mr. W. H. Roberts is, as near as I can remember it after a lapse of over twenty years, substantially as related by Carlyle, with one or two slight variations. It appears that the two men, Messrs. Roberts and Verran, were employed in one of the Caradon mines. They were engaged in sinking either a "winze," connecting two levels, or the main shaft. They were blasting, and a man was stationed at a "plat" above them, whose duty it was to haul the men up to a place of safety when a "hole" was charged and a shot fired. He was provided for this purpose with

a windlass and bucket. When the powder had been duly "tamped" this man would be signaled, one man would be hauled up to the "plat," while the other would remain behind to light the fuse, to be hauled up as soon as this was done. On this occasion, however, they had strangely enough forgotten to bring a knife with which to cut the fuse, and resorted to the clumsy expedient of cutting it with a sharp stone. After one or two blows, to their unspeakable horror the fuse ignited. Their position was terrible in the extreme. Two men in a confined space, a heavy charge of blasting power, and a burning fuse. Both men sprang to the bucket, and shouted to the man above to haul them up. This, however, was beyond his strength with nothing but a simple windlass. He replied by shouting down to them that he could only haul up one man at a time. Then came a crisis. It was a moment of decision. Gray in his "Elegy in a Country Churchyard," pathetically asks the question:

"For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind!"

And into Mr. Roberts's mind there may have flashed the words of his Master: "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend."

The crisis was of only a moment's duration. Mr. Roberts at once relinquished his hold on the bucket, exclaiming as he did so: "Go up, Walter, you are not ready to die. I am. In two minutes I shall be in heaven." Verran was rapidly hauled up, and in about two minutes the explosion of the charge sent fragments of stone flying up the shaft, even striking the men who were anxiously peering down into the darkness. As quickly as possible they went down, expecting nothing less than to find the mangled body of brave Peter Roberts buried under the rocks. To their intense delight and astonishment, however, he was alive and unhurt. On letting go his hold on the rope Mr. Roberts had placed himself in the corner of the shaft, with his face to the rock, awaiting what he firmly believed his instant death. There they found him with masses of rock piled around him. It is this cool, deliberate recognizing and facing danger and death that excites our admiration infinitely more than that callous indifference or rash impetuosity that rushes headlong to its fate. Such acts of self-sacrificing bravery reflect honor on Christianity and human nature.



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